

# The Margaret Eaton School

## Observation of Practice Teaching

NAME	SCHOOL	CLASS	DATE
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Score

Remarks

### PERSON

Neatness and posture.....	1 2 3 4 5
Energy and enthusiasm.....	1 2 3 4 5
Use of English.....	1 2 3 4 5
Voice—speaking and singing.....	1 2 3 4 5
Use of whistle.....	1 2 3 4 5

### CLASS CONTROL

Interest and co-operation of the class	1 2 3 4 5
Skill in handling discipline.....	1 2 3 4 5
Understanding of child nature.....	1 2 3 4 5
<i>Evidence of preparation</i>	1 2 3 4 5

### LESSON

Subject Matter:

Suitability to group and occasion.	1 2 3 4 5
Activity (amount).....	1 2 3 4 5

Presentation:

Knowledge and accuracy.....	1 2 3 4 5
Originality of presentation.....	1 2 3 4 5
Stimulation of class thought.....	1 2 3 4 5
Analysis in presentation.....	1 2 3 4 5
Standards set for class.....	1 2 3 4 5
General efficiency.....	1 2 3 4 5

### ENVIRONMENT

Light and ventilation.....	1 2 3 4 5
Equipment and safety.....	1 2 3 4 5

### GENERAL

Recognition of mistakes.....	1 2 3 4 5
Ability to profit from mistakes.....	1 2 3 4 5

Total      \_\_\_\_\_

**Summary, general remarks and total impression :**



Read at Camp Banquet - Tanamakoon Sept. '98

In the land of the Algonquin, by the shining big-lake waters,  
Dwelt a great but lonely chieftain, by her many tribes deserted.

She who once the M.E.S. Tribe, guided through it's years of forming  
But by distant tribes was summoned, and departed full of sadness.

Dark around her rose the forest, rose the dank and gloomy forest  
Bright before her beat the waters, beat the <sup>clear</sup> ~~clear~~ and sunny waters  
Beat the shining big lake waters.

There the great and lonely chieftain lived, deserted by her warriors *Mary Hamilton*  
By the Crees and the Ojibways, Chicasaws, Sioux and Algonquins.

But for long she was not lonely, for the new chief of the school-tribe  
Known to all as Indian Summer, with her warriors and her maidens, *Florence Somers*  
Not to mention her papooses, casting off their gaudy war-paint,  
And discarding foreign costume, came to live again beside her.

Pleased were they to be returning, having heard of happy seasons,  
Spent by those who went before them.

So they came in many numbers, from the East and from the Westland  
and from over  
From the cold and windy Northland, ~~even from the~~ Southern borders

Whence our chief was called to lead us, she whom Nature blest by naming  
From the fairest of the seasons. She who through her years of guiding,  
Was by warriors brave supported, two great braves who for their prowess  
Chosen were to counsel with her. They whose knowledge is unbounded  
In the field of their profession, also in the news of battles  
Waged o'er seas by distant warriors.

On her left the Chief's supported, by a brave of pine tree straightness  
*whose vitality has earned her the great name of De-enajay* *D.N.R. Jackson*  
She the swift and mighty paddler, o'er the lake she swings a mean blade  
Making all the watchers envious, of her smooth and skilled performance.

On the right of our great chieftain, stands a wise and learned warrior *Elizabeth Rayner*  
She whose eyes of sparkling brightness, see all, know all, but tell little.

She the marvellous story-teller, she who shows M.E.S. maidens,  
Not to mention wee papooses, how to make an Indian Fire  
How to fell the mighty forest, Also how to build a shelter.



To protect them from the North Wind.  
Also are there other warriors, who instruct the Indian maidens,  
Not to mention the papooses, in the arts of song and action  
Also in the art of Handcraft, shaping into bowls and trinkets,  
Sheets of pewter and of copper. Also taught they of the woodland  
Of the trees and birds and flowers, and the mushrooms and the mosses  
Woodland trails and floating islands.

One there was who fed us daily, she with solemn face and smileless,  
Spread the best food in the Northland, food which kept the braves and maidens  
Strong and slender as the birch tree, but which made the wee papooses  
Grow not upward too but outward, making them resemble tree-stumps  
✓ Sturdy, thick, and lacking beauty. Then there was the mighty healer  
She who bandaged all our bruises, cured us all of our diseases  
Kept us stocked in fruit and candy, even if she would not charge them.  
All these warriors formed a council, that which often sat till midnight  
/ Having but one single purpose, that of making Indian maidens  
Not to mention the papooses, happy in their daily living,  
In their work and in their playing. Two there were who used a method  
Which kept Indian maidens busy, And this was the art of writing.  
Many moons of tedious labor, spent they o'er those huge assignments  
Bravely struggling on till finally, all were done with loud rejoicing.  
Then there sat another council, Of the Chief and her two warriors,  
Also two fair Indian maidens, not to mention one wee papoose  
And one great decision made they, Named they the official camp-smoke  
Not Sweet Caps or Phillip Morris, Buckingham or Chesterfields  
But prescribed alone the Peace-Pipe, for the use of Indian Maidens  
And especially papooses. Now the old dock stands deserted  
Wondering why it's lost it's charm, But the council holds the secret  
Also do three wee papooses.  
Came a night of greatest actions, saw we first a host of liars  
White Men call't exaggeration, but to Indians it is lying



For the Indians love the truthful, spurn all else that truth dwells not in.  
Next there came an act of thievery, which one man's whole life had ruined  
But in he who had been robbed, no ~~thought~~ of retaliation  
Rose because his life was happy, since he measured happy living  
Not in this world's goods as most do, but in family and in loved ones.  
Last of all we saw a villain, and a poor and aged mother  
To whom shelter, life and substance, meant but ~~not~~<sup>naught</sup> if they ~~alone~~ unaided  
Were the only means of safety, for her sweet, unspoiled daughter.  
Then with ~~the~~ storm and tempest raging, the papooses call together  
All the braves, chiefs, warriors, maidens, to a pow-wow of mid-winter  
Led in spirits and in laughter by a big papoose in scarlet  
Soul of rhythm, voice of thunder, smitten with a strange affliction  
Suddenly grown fat and fuzzy. Warriors and Indian maidens ~~came~~  
Came in garments of their childhood, not to mention the papooses  
Aged were they with cares and troubles, but all joined in joyous wardance  
To the beating of the, tomtom.  
Mongst the number of papooses there were some of special mention.  
Four, with accent quite peculiar, spoke of spending years in service  
Keeping wigwams clean and tidy, They did? Gosh, ~~xx~~ it's hard to credit.  
One papoose with spots was stricken, and by means not fair but foul  
Since a chicken she resembled, was from out our midst arrested  
And for many moons was absent, but returned with much rejoicing  
On the part of all the redskins.  
Once our chieftan's two great warriors, summoned all the Indian maidens  
Not to mention the papooses. Told them of an ancient treasure  
Hid of old which they must search for. So with eagerness, the maidens  
Not to mention the papooses, followed devious paths and many  
Dipping, stroking, o'er the water, or down wooded trail soft treading  
Seeking, seeking, for the treasure. What they found had value greater  
Far, than white man's gold or trinkets.  
One cold day, two Indian maidens, paddling swiftly o'er the water  
Soon grew weary of their pastime and enthralled by the persistent



Calling of the clear lake water, plunged from their canoe of birchbark  
Nor did wait to dock their light craft.

In the still of autumn evenings, when the loons call wild and lonely  
O'er the shimmering lake re-echoed, oft was heard the beat of tomtom  
And the sound of Indian warcries, as in circles round the fire  
Chieftans, warriors, Indian maidens, not to mention the papooses  
Beated out in swingtime rhythm, shuffling, swaying, stamping, prancing  
All to steady beating tomtom.

From amongst the Indian maidens, even from amongst papooses  
Rose a group of skilful archers, trained all by our great chieftain  
Skilled of eye and hand and footing, with their bows of supple ash-wood  
With their arrows made of oakwood, Tipped with flint and tinged with feather  
Went they into competition, shot they many ends of arrows  
Straight into the golden centre, went the arrows with great swiftness  
Till from midst these skilful archers, rose one maiden fair as summer  
Greater skill than all else had she, eye more keen and hand more steady  
She could shoot ten arrows upward, shoot them with such strength and swiftness  
That the tenth had left the bowstring, ere the first to earth had fallen.  
Proud are Indian maidens of her, not to mention the papooses.

In the redskin M. E. S. tribe, all respect an ancient custom  
Ere a papoose can aspire to become an Indian maiden  
She must learn to tell the difference, twixt an arm, a leg, an ankle,  
Learn the sinews that she uses, pulling bowstrings, plying paddles,  
Learn the sections cut in scalping, Indian foes in times of warring.  
Strange it was that in their number, for they nearly all were clever  
There were some who could not master, this small bit of useful knowledge  
Could not well discern the difference, twixt a muscle and a bustle  
So these several poor redskins, neither Indian maids exalted  
For they had not learned their lesson, nor in ranks of wee papooses,  
Who forever are not mentioned, had to spend their days in learning  
Anatomical relations, but they persevered and finally



With the greatest of rejoicing, were received by Indian maidens.  
But the days are almost over, when this happy tribe may wander  
Through the forest of Algonquin, through the bright and friendly forest  
But when winter winds are blowing, and the earth with snow is covered  
Oft on wintry night we'll gather, sit together round the fire.  
Then we'll speak of happy camp days, days of work and play together  
With our great chief Indian Summer, and her warriors in the forest  
Sad will be the Indian maidens, for within their hearts they harbour  
Thoughts of leaving all their tribesmen, all the warriors and the chieftan  
Not to mention the papooses, who will follow in their footsteps  
Bringing fame and glory ever, to the tribe of MARGARET EATON.

*Parody on Hymn to the  
by Winn MacLennan '39  
and Jean Meredith '40*



# DEMONSTRATION OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

by the students of

## THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL

Thursday, May 25th, 1939

### PROGRAMME

- |       |   |                     |
|-------|---|---------------------|
| I.    | English Country Dancing . . . . .                         | Juniors             |
|       | (a) The Bishop  |                     |
|       | (b) Parson's Farewell                                     |                     |
|       | (c) The Twin Sisters                                      |                     |
| II.   | Apparatus and Tumbling . . . . .                          | Juniors and Seniors |
| III.  | Fencing . . . . .   | The Fencing Club    |
|       | (a) Class work  |                     |
|       | (b) Three point bout                                      |                     |
| IV.   | Björkstén Gymnastics . . . . .                            | Juniors             |
| V.    | German Rhythmic Gymnastics . . . . .                      | Seniors             |
|       | (Original arrangement)                                    |                     |
| VI.   | Badminton Exhibition Doubles Match                        |                     |
| VII.  | Fundamental Gymnastics . . . . .                          | Seniors             |
| VIII. | Tap Dancing   |                     |
|       | (a) Hi-steppers . . . . .                                 | Juniors             |
|       | (b) Skating Tap . . . . .                                 | Seniors             |
| IX.   | Dancing . . . . .   | Juniors and Seniors |
|       | (a) Round   |                     |
|       | (b) Five Pleasant People                                  |                     |
|       | (c) Strike  |                     |
|       | (d) Chorale   |                     |
| X.    | Games for a Recreational Evening . . . . .                | Seniors             |
|       | (a) A social mixer  |                     |
|       | (b) A ball passing game                                   |                     |
|       | (c) A progressive square dance figure in circle formation |                     |
|       | (d) A musical game  |                     |
| XI.   | Stunts . . . . .  | Juniors             |
| XII.  | Folk Dancing . . . . .                                    | Seniors             |
|       | (a) Charlotte's Gone (German)                             |                     |
|       | (b) Festival Dance (German)                               |                     |
|       | (c) La Contra Dansa (Spanish)                             |                     |
|       | (d) Körmagyar És Tarsalgó<br>(Hungarian Round Dance)      |                     |

GOD SAVE THE KING



# THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL SONGS

## O Canada

O Canada our Fathers' land of old  
 Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold.  
 Beneath the shade of the holy cross.  
 Thy children own their birth,  
 No stains thy glorious annals gloss  
 Since valour shields thy hearth.  
 Almighty God, on Thee we call  
 Defend our rights, forefend this nation's thrall,  
 Defend our rights, forefend this nation's thrall.

*E<sup>n</sup> C*  
 Tune - Notre Dame Victory Song  
 Camp Tanamakoon 1936

Stand up and cheer for old M. E. S.  
 Rally ye daughters from East and West  
 We will make the echoes ring  
 As in her praise we shout and sing.  
 Steadfast and faithful we'll ever be  
 Pledging our love and our loyalty,  
 To bring her fame we'll do our best  
 All honour to M. E. S.

*1*  
 Tune: Original  
 Camp Tanamakoon 1938

*Tune by Winn Mae Lennan  
 Words by Elizabeth  
 Wardley Raymer*

O fairest Margaret Eaton  
 We bring to you our praise,  
 May our sincere devotion  
 Illumine all your days.  
 May we be ever worthy  
 Whatever life may yield,  
*G C D E G A B C*  
 Prove valiant and undaunted,  
*D E C D C C*  
 Hold fast to your ideals.





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